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AN

# ELEGY

UPON THE LATE

BLESSED MONARCH

King CHARLES II.

AND TWO

# PANEGYRICKS

UPON THEIR

Present Sacred MAJESTIES,

King JAMES

AND

Queen MARY.

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Written by Mr. *Durfey.*

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# AN ELEGY

## On the Late Great and Godlike Monarch King CHARLES II.

I.

CAn Grief be by no ſadder ſigns Expreſs'd
Than flowing Eyes, deep Sighs, or throbbing Breaſts?
Will Nature no Convulſions give to prove
Our Loyal Sorrow, and our dutious Love?
Ah! Can ſuch trifling Fortune be our part
When deadly pangs can break a Royal heart?
Nay, then it needs muſt be;
Then, then I plainly ſee,
Fate mocks us with the fall of Sacred Majeſty.

II.

Proud Rebel Fate, that ſhew'ſt thy haughty ſway
On Kings as if they were but Common Clay;
Thou Lawleſs Thief, that Rob'ſt the Land of more
Than Heaven, without a Wonder, can reſtore;
Why couldſt thou not content thy ſelf with me,
And Thouſands more to glut thy Cruelty,
That ſhould unpitied fall?
Was this Revenge too ſmall?
Ah Tyrant, at one ſtroke thou haſt unſoul'd us all!

III.

Now all the Groaning Land with Ghoſts is ſtor'd,
Sickly and pale we mourn for our dear Lord;
Weak bodies droop about of no eſteem,
Our Souls are buried in the Vault with him;
Him, who our Subſtance and our Being was,
Who, like the Sun, gave Light to every place;
His Goodneſs every where,
And Fame ſpread far and near;
And ſtill the more you heard, the more you wiſh'd to hear.

IV. True

IV.

True Wit unwaſted ſtill did in him Reign,
Often he ſpoke, but never ſpoke in vain;
His Charming Tongue inſpir'd the wondring Ear,
And Oracles ne'r ceas'd whilſt he was here;
Such ſweetneſs ſtill his ſacred Genius crown'd,
That we both Pleaſure and Inſtruction found:
Ah, now my Eyes run o'r,
I melt into a ſhower,
To think ſo Juſt, ſo Gracious, and ſo Good, alas! muſt be no more.

V.

But why no more? His Fame can never die,
That will be endleſs as Eternity,
Beyond the Sun in the third Heaven appear,
Where now he ſits the brighteſt Angel there;
The Hierarchy with Reverence bow down
To a glory that ſo far Excels their own;
And every Cherub ſings
The Deeds, and wondrous things
Of *Charles*, the beſt of Saints in Heaven, on Earth the beſt of Kings.

VI.

Near the bright Persons of the Trinity
He does His Mighty Predecessors see,
Great *Tudor* with Majestick Glory Crown'd,
And *JAMES*, and sacred *CHARLES* encompass him around:
Whilst thus the blessed Martyr Greets his Son;
First-born of all my Joys, that long hast run
Life's tedious Rugged Race
In that Ingrateful Place;
Ah welcome, welcome, now to thy Eternal Throne.

VII.

A Throne where now he sits Exalted high,
Scorning the dross of base Mortality;
Rapt in Seraphick thought, his Soul's employ'd
To reap fierce Pleasure ne'r before enjoy'd.
Oh glorious Spirit, what sublimity
In Heaven or Earth can ever equal thee?
What Art now wilt thou use,
Ah poor Enervate Muse,
T' express our Grief, and count the Treasure that we lose.

VIII.

Methinks the very Seaſons all ſhould mourn,
Their Ornaments, like us, to Sables turn;
Spring ſhould lay by her gay and blooming Suits,
And Summer ſcorch with Dog-days all her Fruits;
But Winter ſhould its Cloudy ſway maintain,
Chill'd with cold ſighing Winds, and weeping Rain,
As Tribute duly paid
To the ſad gloomy Shade,
The Conſecrated Vault where that Great Man was laid.

IX.

Yet ſee the Sun in ſplendid glory ſhines,
The Sky's ſerene, and Balmy gentle Winds
Dance round the mourning Globe, as if they knew
Our Griefs unreaſonable, or untrue;
The Plants bud forth, and fragrant Roſes grow;
Has Nature then no ſympathy in woe?
Ah yes; but this is ſign,
Though Mortal Powers combine,
Earth has alas no force to change Decrees Divine.

X.

Since then what's loſt can ne'r return agen,
Adieu thou beſt of Maſters, beſt of Men;
Thy Glory did ſo near Perfection come,
God would no longer let thee ſtay from Home;
Or waſt thy time in a Rebellious Land,
When Worlds of Angels ſue for thy Command.
To thy dear Brother we
Now bow the humble Knee,
And bleſs the mighty King of Kings that he is part of thee.

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TO

# TO THE KING,

## A Panegyrick.

From Gloomy Clouds the dreadful Rain did pour,
United Streams made the vaſt Torrent roar,
Thus God for Sin once puniſh'd Man before.
But long the Sacred Vengeance did not laſt,
The Bow was fix'd to ſhew the Storm was paſt,
And after to the World a Saviour given
To purge our Crimes and teach the way to Heaven;
So when the Joy and Genius of mankind,
Great Godlike *CHARLES* his precious Soul reſign'd,
Heaven to dry up the Deluge of our Woe
Gave us a Second Saviour, Sir, in You;
In whom Your Royal Father's Vertues move,
And Brother's Candour, Clemency, and Love;
Thus whilſt our Loyal Breaſts a Tribute pay,
And mourn for him, Your Bleſt Indulgent Sway
Creates new hopes, our Grief to Joy converts,
You ſtop our guſhing Eyes and heal our bleeding Hearts.
Within Your Soul all Blooming Vertues ſpring,
That Bleſs a Nation or ſhould Grace a King,
And timely through Your fertile Kingdoms ſhoot,
Whilſt Your glad Subjects reap the welcome fruit:
The Grateful Treaſure fills your bounteous heart,
'Tis all in all, and all in every part.

Your former Valour in Your Realms Defence,
Shews us what *England* owes to such a Prince;
Whose Early Will did to our safety tend,
And knows both how to govern, and defend.
A Churlish race that once Your Cause betraid,
So vast their Debt is, and so little paid;
Methinks I see the Imperial Banner spread,
And *English* Troops to Fame and Conquest led;
Whilst the Colossus that did once appear,
Striding the narrow Seas with one Foot here,
Shrinks back in haste, nor dares he further come,
Lest to his shame he should go halting home.
Prophetick Spirits had the Bards of old,
That the events of Times to come foretold,
Victorious *Henry* their Presagings tri'd,
And *France* felt then first punishment for Pride.
But, Sir, Your Glory none pretends t' inspire,
What soars above the Skies, need mount no higher:
Brave is Your Soul and Glorious each Design,
'Tis Sin to pry too far in Mysteries Divine;
Your Justice *England* ought to know and fear,
A Royal Justice generously severe;
Your Mercy even out-does Example past,
Who was more wrong'd? yet who forgave so fast?
Not gracious *Charles* himself more tenderness Expresst.
And who such awful Justice does Retain,
And knows to pity well, knows how to Reign.
From every part the conscious Converts come,
Converts, I hope, but will not swear for some,
And stew their doubtful Faces in the Room.

With

With eager haſt Your Royal Hand they ſeize,
Fall at Your Feet, and thump their tardy Knees:
Whilſt You, like *David*, the Penitents reſtore,
Forgive their faults, and bid 'em Sin no more.
So have I ſeen the late dread *Cæſar* oft,
When diſeas'd Wretches were before him brought,
Noiſome Infection running through their Veins,
Plagu'd with their Sores and Crippled with their pains:
Sit amongſt Men like a deſcended God,
With graceful patience dealing health abroad,
This patience Nobly does Your Breaſt controul,
A mighty Vertue in a mighty Soul;
No pangs of thought, nor Ruffling Storms appear,
But Sacred Conſcience is in quiet there:
More joy'd by far to call that Seat her own,
Than You were to poſſeſs Your Brother's Throne.
But who alas! has Genius, Skill or Wit,
To paint Perfection where all Graces meet:
In vain we have the mighty Task begun,
No mortal Eye can look into the Sun,
And that Ambitious Pen that truly writes,
Your towring Fame, muſt uſe theſe Epithites;
Prudent as *Solomon*, fortunate as *Saul*,
Temperate as *Scipio*, brave as *Haniball*,
Aud not one Vertue muſt be touch'd, but all.
Glory like Yours no middle Courſe can ſteer,
Sublimeſt heighths it reaches every where:
Nor ſtops it, but goes forward, and to ſhow
My Soul did to Your Sacred Vertues bow,
Even in the worſt of times as well as now.

And Injur'd Poem muſt not be forgot,
Where in the heart and bowels of the Plot,
With Juſtice thus Your Character I wrote.

*Character:*

*Vid.* Progreſs of Honeſty. *Stanza 9.*

Braveſt in Danger, valiant but not Raſh,
For when the *Belgian* Streamers brav'd the *Britiſh* Croſs,
Then on the bloudy Deck he ſeem'd to grow,
Whilſt Fate affrighted aim'd the Shot too low;
Aw'd with the terrour of his dauntleſs Brow:
A Loyal Prince, and Wiſe, ſecure of Fate,
In Honour nice, in every Action great;
Not fond of Sway, but if by right his own,
Equal with Life he weighs a Throne.
His haughty Soul nere underſtood,
To Humour the Mechanick Brood:
The People like rough waters are to him,
On which he ſwims againſt the ſtream:
Nor fears the Danger of the wildeſt Storm,
His Courage ſtill contemns the harm.
In his Opinion firm, but not preciſe,
Admires the Counſel of the Wiſe;
But cares not to be Catechiz'd,
Or new untrodden paths be ſhewn,
As if a way to Heaven he had not known;
Or that his Soul were not his own.
His Conſcience will be guided by his Senſe,
Not by the Vulgars Impudence;
So *Roman* Heroes rather choſe to die
By their own noble Hands, than by an Enemy.

*T. Durfey.*

# TO HER
# Moſt Sacred MAJESTY
# THE
# QUEEN.
## A
## PANEGYRICK.

SO the glad *Jews* rejoyc'd when they had ſeen
The news confirm'd that *Heſter* ſhould be Queen;
And from the Treaſure of her Graces knew
Their Life, their Law, their Liberty, they drew,
The ſame tranſporting Joy have we for You.
Illuſtrious Princeſs! in whoſe Face and Mind
We the true Model of Perfection find;
And Heavens Decree writ in the book of Fate,
That the moſt Fair ſhould live to be moſt Great;
Yet is th' addition ſmall, for you have been
From Childhood of all ſacred Vertues, Queen.
And wore th' eternal Wreath with as ſerene a Brow,
As the bright Gem of *Englands* glory now.
Now Goddeſs Fame, in Noiſe and Clamours nurſt,
Sound a Triumphant tune, ſound till thou burſt:
And let repeating Ecchoes reach the Poles,
Inform all Eyes and influence all Souls:
Two onely perfect Glories can be ſeen,
The Sun in Heaven above, on Earth below the Queen.

Your bright Renown was o're the World diſpers'd,
When that fair Garden of the Univerſe,
Gave up a Flower that charm'd all humane Senſe,
To flouriſh by our Monarch's Influence;
Ambaſſadours were tir'd and coming home,
Beauty was ſcarce throughout all Chriſtendom:
At leaſt ſuch Beauty proper for the Choice
Of *Englands* hope, her Treaſure and her Joys:
Till like the Queen of Love by Graces dreſt,
Or *Cinthia* 'mongſt the Stars, You with the reſt
Appear'd at Court, bleſt and admir'd by all,
Nor needed any for new Judgment call,
*Paris* knew quickly where to give the Ball.
Exact Perfection both in Shape and Face,
An Artleſs Beauty, and a lovely Grace;
A Stature Sovereign, and a charming Meen
Heaven onely fram'd to perſonate a Queen.
So when the murmuring *Iſraelites* to bring
Their fewds to happy end, requir'd a King;
And ſcorch'd with factious Fires, were gather'd all,
To judg the Prophets Skill, Majeſtick *Saul*
Appear'd above, and with a Kingly frown
Shew'd the Eternal form'd him for the Crown.
The ſweetneſs of Your influencing Eye,
Allays the Awfulneſs of Majeſty:
And when with tremblings we approach Your ſight,
And touch Your Sacred Hand with Reverence and delight;
The Tranſport even would kill in the Extream
Did not Your midneſs dart a gentle Beam.

Diſarm Your Eyes, and our juſt fears controul,
Afreſh inſpire and new create the Soul.
So the Angelick Meſſengers of old,
That to Mankind Eternal Mandates told:
Grac'd with a charming Pity did appear
And bid the trembling Prophet not to fear.
Unequall'd Beauty we admir'd before,
But ſuch a Sacred temper muſt adore;
As choiceſt Bleſſings Heavens does Queens beſtow,
But does not always give us Angels too;
Man then would grow prophane, and often dare
Forget to whom he ſhould addreſs his Pray'r.
Ah! mighty Princeſs, in this Sphere You move,
Your Wit Adorers gets, Your Beauty, Love;
Ambition naturally Men purſue,
And glorious is his Fate that dies for You;
Hearts are Your Province, and what Soul is he
That at Your Footſtool bent his willing Knee,
And gain'd a charming Smile, but ſoon confeſs'd,
'Twas with true Love and duty he addreſs'd?
The Boy grows rude, when he has leave to play,
But Reverence clips his Wings, and gives allay:
So a poor ſleeping Youth that dreams he ſees
A Virgin-Beauty, Natures Maſter-piece;
Naked as Innocence had ever been,
E're the dear lovely Sex knew how to Sin;
His heart begins to throb, his bloud flows high,
And eagerly he ſnatches at the Joy;
Until at laſt the Shape more bright appears,
Her eyes Dart fire, and glittering Wings ſhe wears;

An Angel now she seems, whom streight he does adore,
And trembling, blames his sawcy Love before.
Such Influence remains in You intire,
You can controul the Flame Your Eyes inspire;
And for our comfort may the Sun and they,
To equal Space extend their equal Sway:
Long may ye Health and happy Years possess,
And may a Prince of *Wales* Your Kingdoms bless:
Then *Albion* stands Commander of the Seas,
Let our proud Neighbours murmur as they please.

FINIS.